# Domestic Haps and Mishaps. "The Straight Road" Is Straight Goods:

Clyde Fitch wrote the new play at the Astor (some are saying Kreiner) he worked for once without a rose jar at his elbow. And for once he has

WASH THEM

"The Straight Road" is straight goods. You may turn up your Broadway hose at Bowery melodrama-but this play len't Bowery melodrama, It's much more than a mere "thriller." It touches the heart instead of the spine. It's a live. Shrubbing thing. If you have no respect for "The Truth" take "The Straight Road." You'll find it rough and crude in places, but it's paved with the right sort of stuff, and it is interesting almost every step of the way. Furthermore, Miss Walsh gives a splendid performance.

Fitch, in his shirt sleeves, is quite another Clyde. His portrait gullery o odern women has been much admired, and his knowledge of the smart, the slangy and the horsey ladies of our land has won him many a cartain call. But he has painted few characters better than this "Houston Street Moll," whose psychology he has grasped with a firm and unfaltering hand. His angel of the slums, however, should have her souring lines clipped before she spreads them for another performance. "Miss Thompson" is a type of settlementworker that is hot encouraged nowadays, and she rings as hollow as a china tea cup. Miss Dorothy Dorr only serves to make her more impossible by looking Fifth avenue and acting Third avenue, Miss Lanner is another settlement "worker" who talks too much and says too little, and Miss Louise Closser makes a bad matter worse by over-acting with her voice, her eyes, her hands and her feet. These two characters get on your nerves-the other characters get right

Miss Weish never does things by halves, and when Mon is bundled into the settlement by a policeman, fresh from a street fight with Lazy Liz, you see a girl of the gutter, not a mere woman of the streets. As Masiova Miss Walsh slouched through Tolstoy's "Resurrection." As Möll, she charges into "The Straight Road," fighting, swearing mad. Her hair is stringing over her eyes, her cheap black dress is bedraggied, her face is bloated, and her language lan't fit for publication. The sight of Lazy Liz isn't soothing to her, and even the strong arm of the law cannot restrain the two drunken women from mariing, apringing and clawing at each other. The scene is as brutal and hideous as it is real, yet last night's audience laughed at the spectacle as though it were the height of low comedy. Audiences are funny. There was some excuse, however, for the amusement caused by the cop when he silenced a "gabby" wit ness of the scrap by clapping his hand over her mouth and pushing her out of

With Miss Waish as the sulien, solden Moll, Miss Jessie Ralph as the anything but Lazy Liz, Miss Helen Lowell as an old Irish woman with troubles of her own, and Miss Ethlyn Clemens as the "butter-in" whose face is pushed, you have types that look as though they had just come out of the side door of a Bowery raloon. They may not be pleasing, but they are reef, and therein lies the strength of this play. Its weakness lies in its sentimental moments, which, fortunately, are few. And even in these moments, Miss Walsh does not lose her grip on your sympathies.

tiresome Milas Thompson bring out the "good" in Moll by putting a crippled little boy in her lap. With the child's arms about her neck, Moll finally broaks down and takes the straight road. She hasn't been all bad. Her tavariable reply to Houston atrect gents had been "On your way!" When she tells Bill Hubbell, a well-meaning saloon-keeper, that she will marry him, she is as spotless as the white dress she is wearing 5t Miss Thompson's home on the Hudson. But young Douglas Aines, who is to marry Miss Thompson, has a wicked eye on Moll, and he is trying to kiss her when his flancee happens along. He turns the tables on poor Moll, and Miss Thompson launches forth with "You have proved to me that the mud of the streets is still sticking to you!"

Moll protests her innocence, and telly Miss Thompson that if she will come our in New York the next evening she will show up Aines. In one of the best noted scenes of the play Moll pretends to "make it up" with the young rascal, and lures him on to visit her in New York. Mr. Howard Estabrook gives such an easy, good-natured performance as Aines that you find it difficult to condomn the young scamp altogether.

Moll's room is turned into a rough house when the saloon-keeper, instead of iss Thompson, bursts in and finds Moll in the young fellow's arms. Bellowing with rage, he takes Aines by the throat and is choking him when billet Thompson arrives. She induces him to spare the dishonored guest, who, skulks Both Miss Thompson and the salpon-keeper denounce Moll and leave her to the sad reflection, "I done my best and I only gut it in the neck."

She completes the rough house by tearing down the curtains and knock g over the furniture. "Me for the good old rotten outside gang again!" she breams. She picks up the bottle of whiskey Aines brought with him, and pouring out a hackman's drink declares her intention with: "A good soak and a the street, and I don't care where I finish." But just as she is about to drink, her eye-not to mention the calcium-falls upon a picture of the ves a bad impression. There is more clapitap in the last act, when the With daylight comes the saloon-keeper in the penitential stage of an all-night jag. Here Mr. Charles Dalton finished a capital performance by acknowledging that he had misjudged Moll and taking her to his intemperate breast.

This last act is weak, but the play, as a whole, is strong. It may be too

### HEALTH AND BEAUTY. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Hair Tonic.

Apple Cake.

NE cup sugar, one-half cup short-

spoon sall, one our sour apple sauce. Dissolve one teaspoon sods in a little

cold add one egg, slightly beaten.

Turkey Stuffing.

cinnamon, nutmeg, one-half tea-

Massage the can de cologne, 1-4 pint; "quid am-head well monia, 1 dyam; oil of origanum, oil of

THE EVENENG WORLD is giving TEN DOLLARS IN PRIZES each week for the best suggestions, which need not be accompanied by drawings, for the "Domestic Haps and Mishaps" comic series. The suggestions must be sent to "THE COMICS EDITOR," Evening World, P. O. Box 1254, New

CHILDREN!

upon him despite every effort on his He's a man worthy of all the assistance

Dation finished a capital performance by acknowledging for a word with his wife. Late on the little long neght of wakeful mission and taking her to his intemperate breast.

k, but the play, as a whole, is strong. It may be too CHARLES DARNTON.

CHARLES DARNTON.

CHARLES DARNTON.

THAND BEAUTY.

BERGEROL Hubbard Ayer.

RS. R. C.—

Massage the has design being the hard forest the household declared for the late of the strong of the late of th

Tle Duty of Good Temper.

S woman is to be beautiful; others believe that goodness is the central purpose, for which woman was created.

But it is possible to be beautiful and very disagreeable, and

to be good and equally aggravating. Perhaps if it woman

were allowed to choose at birth the quality which would

make life most bearable to herself and other people, she

would be justified in selecting that of good temper.

A perfectly healthy woman is generally an amiable one. If you are at outs

with the world, make up your mind the fault lies in yoursef. Exercise, diet and

cheer up. The only way to improve your surroundings is to improve yourself.

OME people whink the main if not the whole duty of

(Copyright, 1906, by Anna K. Green Rohifs.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

It is a constant to the control of the contro

of those waters alive that you will put closs inheriting his fortune in good time,

He's a man worthy of all the assistance which money can bring. You do not need her wealth; Anitra-well, she will be cared fon, but Auchincless-promise—brother."

Runsom half drew back in his amasement. Then started forward again. This man whom he had leoked upon as Georgian's possible enemy, certainly his own, was looking into his eye with a gase of trust, almost of affection. The money was not for himself; he showed it by the noble shuest grand look with which he waited for his answer; a look which carried conviction, despite Ransom's restrict conviction.

might, and making ready by taking off sodden and shapeless object which he could not their hands for the proper fastening on of the chain. Then, while the murmur of expectation rose from the crowd on the river hands of the chain.

OH DEAR ON DEAR! MY CURTAINS THAT WERE WEDDING PRESENT. BY MY THIRD HUSBAND!

COME HERE AND THIS!

#### CHAPTER XXVI. The Man of Mystery.

"An unfathomable man," grumbled Mr. Harper, entering Mr. Ransom's room in marked disorder. "They say that he has not spoken yet; but the coroner is with him and we shall hear comething from him soon. I exchanged and his manner took on mean ing-"that his report will be finel."

"Final? You mean"

best sight and morning. 14 fam. 16 contact sheet 1 counce. Briskly and morning. 15 fam. 16 counce the counce of th

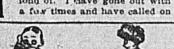
said that was the excuse. Now, Betty Do not judge the young man too do you think he cares for me? I like

You have done everything you could

to indicate your preference. Do nothing

Does She Love Him?

HERE is a young lady I am very fond of. I have gone out with her a fow times and have called on her



several times, but I can't find ou whether she cares for me on not. don't wish to become too fond of her and then be disappointed later along.

The only way to find out if she cares for you is to tell her you care for



F I ever hear you say anything about our children object, although as a general thing I do not believe in upholding a child against his parent." What's the excitement?" asked Mr. Jarr looking up from his paper at his wife as she vouchsafed the statement above and nervously pulled off her gloves,

"There is no excitement," said Mrs. Jarr, "but after pending this blessed afternoon at Mrs. Triggs's house and having to endure those awful, awful children of hers, I can thank my stars that MY children"-

"Whoa!" said Mr. Jarr. "Steady, there, old gall Our children are all right, but they are not tin angels, you

"There you go again," declared Mrs. Jarr, "running down your own! If there is a family trait that I despise it is that. I intend to raise my children to stand by each other; to never a off in company by criticising or macking each other. I want them to stand by each other, to think that no other person's sister or brother is as good as theirs.

"You want to keep from getting excited," said Mr. Jarr coolly. "Our chil-

"It's a refreshing novelty to hear you say so!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You want to beat them for the least thing they do. After those Triggs children I shall

"They struck me as a band of merry little murderers, myself," said Mr. Jarr. "What about them?" "Oh, don't call them murderers!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Remember, they are only

children, and, after all, it is their parents' fault. If they used some discipline, some firmness, you know. Why, if one of my children was to speak to me as hey speak to their mother, I'd whip it, look it up in the dark. I'd-I don't know what I'd do to it!" "What did they do?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, it wasn't so much what they did, they are so sneaky, you know. I hate a sneaky child. They say 'Yes, mamma' and 'No, mamma,' and 'Mamma, shut your mouth! You're crazy!' They are polite, even if they are rude, you see, "They are sneaky, then?" said Mr. Jarr, yawning.

"I'm corry I'm keeping you up," said Mrs. Jarr, observing him yawn, "but i were telling you our children were sneaky you'd be interested! Well, Willie may be had and little Emma is quick tempered and is apt to be saucy, but thank goodness, they are frank and truthful children. They must haver play with those Triggs children again!" "The last time they did come to play here was Sunday, and you had a head

ache and sent them home," said Mr. Jarr. "That is the very thing I was coming to," said Mrs. Jarr. "I Riesed them and told Mrs. Triggs how well they were looking, and that little girl is excepshouldered terribly, and the boy looks even thinner, and they have the past complexions. If they were mine, I'd put them on codiliver oil and have the out in the air running up and down, and positively the little girl should be

"Geewhillkens!" said Mr. Jurr, testily, "what are you getting at? What's the point of these ravings?" "If you weren't a rude brute who didn't appreciate the conversation of a

gentlewoman," said Mrs. Jarr angrly, "I'd say"—
"Well, say it!" said Mr. Jarr psevishly. "You come in and start to tell me something and then you start to rambling about this and that. What about the Triggs children, what did they do? What did they say?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr sobbing, "I deserve to be talked to this way. What do you care for my feelings? And so, as it will please you to snow, thousand the state of Triggs children affronted me. I'll tell you that. When I asked them why they didn't come over and play at our house, they said, 'Because you siways drive us home."

"Well, don't you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Of course I do," said Mrs. Javr. "and can you wonder? Little sneaks like

hat who don't mind what they say!" "Well, I suppose you'll chase them quicker after this," said Mr. Jarr,
"To like to," said Mrs. Jarr grimly, "but I had to laugh about it and pretend
I'd come specially over to invite the children to a party little Emma would need

THE VANISHING BRIDE or, the Chief Legatee to-morrow. And now I'll have to have the party, and all on account of those

"Oh, well, cheer up," said Mr. Jarr: "the worst is yet to come!"

"Den't you speak to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "It shows what a foolish and orgetful woman I am, to forget how rude you've been to me, too! "I'll square it by holding a party," said Mr. Jarr. "You'll be the party I'll hold."

And he pulled her down upon his knee,

### The Twisted Playgoer.

STORMY night and an overdose of whiskey and quinine resulted in the strange adventures of a gilded youth who started for the Garrick Theatre Monday evening, but got no further than his club, where, after reading the theatrical ads. he indited the following:

I really wanted to see that Man Of The Hour-William Collier-but didn't take the Straight Road and got Caught In the Rain. It was a night fit only for Neptune's Daughter to be out, although Anna Held that A Wise Guy would have taken an Alexander (Ava.) Carr about Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway, and, ignoring Wina, Women and Song, make a Rave for Life and find shelter in the Red Mill. Maude Adams was there, and you ought to have heard Peter Pan her for the remark. It sounded like Old Pioneer Days. The Little merub-I mean the dir! Who lies Brerything (including sarcastically remarked that a must have taken the Road to Yesterday or been imbibling too freely from the topical distribution. It was by no means, she said, the New York Idea of doing things—tio, not once in a Blue Moon. He I put the all its pallor and the exhaustion it ex- the Girl of the cipian West, and the Three of Us went out into the Magic pressed, there was triumph in its every (K)night, and before we got through I could see the Lion and the Mouse, and feature. The little bag was not all he almost got pinched by a Phantom Detective for accusing the Hypocrites, the saw in that pit of helf. Tou must pre-pare yourself for no common ordeal, Ransom; it will take all our courage told the Retie of Mayfair so at the wedding of the Student King and the Prino listen to his story."

cess Beggar. Say, I hear that the Beautiful Clock Model has become the Oplum
"I know." The words came with dif-Sirect, where, to tall The Truth, the Bankers and Bretzers often hand lemons in-stead of dividends to—Les Misrables—the Daughters of Men.

### May Manton's Daily Fashions.



mally utilized for the scarfs and swife. Here is a very charming little set (that in-cludes also a hat with a band of the phush) is attractive, and that involves very little apor in the making. long-haired polar bear plush is the sort used, but the brown bear, the white Astrachan and the ermine are especially to be commended, while there are also a variety of others. In this case

with upper portion of white cloth, and is trinamed with cord and loops of heavy wilk. It can be made all of cloth or all of plush, however, if liked, and used separately without the scarf and muff. The quantity of ma-

terial required for the medium size (four Child's Set: Hat, Scarf and Muff-Pattern No. 5545, one-half yard fiftytwo inches wide, with one-half yard tifty-two inches wide for the scarf and

must and the band for the hat, three-quarters of a yard of satin for lining Pattern 55-45 is cut in sizes for girls of two, four and six years of age.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-TON FASHION BUREAU. No. 21 West Twenty-third street, Name

York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

## BETTY VINCENT'S OADVICE DOVERSO



cup rolled cracker crumbs, one-half cup cold cooked ham, finely rolled cracker crumbs, one-N DD a handful of raisins which cookchopped, and one-half cup melted but-ter, Season with one tablespoonful poul-try seasoning, one-half tablespoon salt stewing cramberries and straining them, and one-righth teaspoon papper; then put them through a meat grinder, then

Plum Pudding.

Frosted Lemon. E sure to put this ple together just as directed and you will find it delicious: One smooth, juicy leman, igrate rind and cut up the pulp, put it into a cheesedfull and squeaze out all the juice. Now put a cup of sugar and the juice. Now put a cup of sugar and place of butter size of an east into a safe sufficient milk to mix it quite stiff.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

granite saucepan; stir a tablespoon of cornstarch up in a little cold water and add to the water in the same pan; stir it smooth, add butter and sugar, then the lemon julge and rind. Let this cool a little, then stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs. Pour this into the open hot water and best in apple sauce. Stir crust and bake. Best the egg whites an mixture, add two cups of flour, one until stiff, add one or two tablespoons half our raisins. Bake forty-five min- of powdered sugar, heap over the pie and set into a very cool oven. This makes a nice Die, but it is very rich.

at the same time.

I IX one ous stale bread crumbs, one Cranberry Sauce.

moister, with one and one-third cups stew them. No straining needed, so no scaled milk. If stuffing is to be served waste. The raising could be run through

He Has Not Written. Dear Betty:

not allowed to take him to my home. I have told him that my parents object to write. I said I would. Well, I did. AM a young girl twenty years old and reem to make any difference to him.



bad-tempered persons think that sympless and screetty of writing. He may have reason to disposition indicate a certain amount of foolishness. They are greatly mistaken. Good temper means mental She Wrote to Him. bulance, as good health implies physical bal-

AM a girl of sixteen and am considered very pretty and attractive. I am eighteen and I am employed in the same made us he is. I left and he usked me



but didn't receive any answer to my letter, Now, I know he works evenings and ask her to be your wite.